

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Pol.* Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,  
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,

*King.* Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in,  
He tells me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found  
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

*Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine,  
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage,

*Enter Embassadors.*

*King.* Well, we shall list him, welcome my good friends,  
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

*Volte.* Most faire returne of greetings and desires;  
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress

His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared  
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,

But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your highnesse, whereat grieu'd

That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,

Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

Makes vow before his Vncle, neuer more

To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiesty:

Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,

Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,

And his commission to imploy those souldiers,

So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,

With an entreaty herein further shone,

That it might please you to giue quiet passe

Through your dominions for this enterprise

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therein are set downe.

*King.* It likes vs well,

And at our more considered time, wee'le read,

Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:

Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,

Most welcome home,

*Exeunt Embassadors.*

*Pol.* This busines is well ended,

*Prince of Denmark*

My Liege and Maddam, to exp

What maiesty should be, what

Why day is day, night night, a

Were nothing but to wait nigh

Therefore breuity is the soule o

And tediousnes the limmes and

I will be breefe your noble son

Mad call I it, for to define true

What ist but to be nothing else

But let that goe.

*Quee.* More matter with les

*Pol.* Maddam, I sweare I vse

That hee's mad tis true, tis true

And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish

But farewell it, for I will vse no

Mad let vs grant him then, and

That wee find out the cause of

Or rather say the cause of this

For this effect defectiue comes

Thus it remaines and the remain

Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while

Who in her duety and obedien

Hath giuen me this, now gath

To the Celestiall and my so

rified Ophelia, that's an ill

beautified is a vile phrase, b

in her excellent white bosom

*Quee.* Came this from Ham

*Pol.* Good Maddam stay aw

Don't thou the starres are fire,

Doubt that the Sunne doth mo

Doubt truth to be a lyer,

But neuer doubt I loue.

O decre Ophelia, I am ill at th

ken my groanes, but that

leeue it adew. Thine cue

machine is to him.

*Pol.* This in obedience hath n

And more about hath his solie